To fleere and scorne at our solemnity?
Now by the stocke and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.
Cap. Why how now kinsman? wherefore storme you so?
Tib. Uncle this is a *Mountague* our foe,
A villaine that is hither come in spight,
To scorne at our solemnity this night.
Cap. Young *Romeo*, is it?
Tib. 'Tis he, that villaine *Romeo*.
Cap. Content thee gentle Coze, let him alone,
A bears him like a portly Gentleman,
And to say truth *Verona* brags of him,
To be a vertuous and well govern'd youth;
I would not for the wealth of all this Towne,
Here in my house doe him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will, the which if thou respect,
Shew a faire presence, and put off these frownes,
An ill beseeming semblance for a feast.
Tib. It fits when such a villaine is a guest,
I'le not endure him.
Cap. He shall be endured,
What? goodman boy, I say he shall, goe too,
Am I the Master here or you? goe too:
You'll not endure him, God shall mend my soule,
You'll make a mutiny among my guests,
You will set a cocke a hoope, you'll be the man.
Tib. Why Uncle 'tis a shame.
Cap. Goe too, goe too,
You are a saucy boy: ist so indeed?
This trick may chance to scath you I know what:
You must contrary me, marry 'tis time:
Well said my hearts: you are a Princox, goe,
Be quiet, or (more light, more light for shame)
I'le make you quiet (what) chearely my hearts.
Tib. Patience perforce with wilfull choler meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting:

I will

I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall. *Exit.*
Rom. If I profane with my unworthiest hand,
This holy shrine, the gentle sinne is this,
My lips two blushing Pilgrims ready stand,
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kisse.
Jul. Good Pilgrim, you doe wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shewes in this,
For Saints have hands that Pilgrims hands doe touch,
And palme to palme is holy Palmers kisse.
Rom. Have not Saints lips, and holy Palmers too?
Jul. I Pilgrim, lips that they must use in Prayer.
Rom. O then deare Saint, let lips doe what hands doe,
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turne to despaire.
Jul. Saints doe not move, though grant for prayers sake.
Rom. Then move not while my prayers effect I take:
Thus from my lips by thine my sinne is purg'd.
Jul. Then have my lips the sinne that they have tooke.
Rom. Sin from my lips! O trespasse sweetly urg'd:
Give me my sinne againe.
Jul. You kisse bith booke.
Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.
Rom. What is her mother?
Nurse. Marrie Batcheler,
Her mother is the Lady of the house,
And a good Lady, and a wise and vertuous:
I nurc't her daughter that you talkt withall:
I tell you he that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the chinckes.
Rom. Is she a *Capulet*?
O deare account! my life is my foes debt.
Ben. Away, be gone, the sport is at the best.
Rom. I, so I feare, the more is my unrest.
Cap. Nay Gentlemen prepare not to be gone,
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards:
Is it e'en so? why then I thanke you all,
I thanke you honest Gentlemen, good night.

M